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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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☞ To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be pleased on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward).

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it!

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GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
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of every description and of best quality;
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GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to say positively that I can duplicate any bill in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
E. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1875.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $138,000.
Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN!
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

Freidhoff's Block,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, which he offers for sale at lower prices than any dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed both work and prices.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
and other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law,
Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'79.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.
HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
-OF-
TIN, COPPER,
-AND-
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
-AND-
SHEET METALS,
-AND-
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
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B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
Altoona, Penn'a.
☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are cordially invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

TO CARD COLLECTORS!
1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.
2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.
3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.
4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'
I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞ DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by V. S. BARKER & BRO., Ebensburg. [4-1.-o.o.w.6m.]

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of John Wagner and Jas. McMullen, Executors of James J. Pearmit, dec'd.

And now, 12th June, 1881, on application of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., Alvin Evans appointed Auditor to report distribution of the assets in the hands of said accountants to and amongst the persons legally entitled thereto. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the undersigned Auditor will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 16th day of July, 1881*, at ten o'clock, A. M., to attend to said duties, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper. ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 14, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—E. ROBERTS & Co. vs. N. J. PHILIPHOFF *et al.*—*In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County—No. 52, June Term, 1881, E. D.*

The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Thomas Griffith, Sheriff of Cambria county, arising from the sale of defendant's personal property in above stated case, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, July 7, 1881*, at 2 P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested must attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 10, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to decide upon the exceptions filed to the account of Francis Hoover, guardian of Mary Eckerd, minor child of David Eckerd, late of Clearfield township, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Wednesday, July 6, 1881*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper. A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 10, 1881.-3t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year, in advance.

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing,
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;
Not to meet the law's behests
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living:
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies!
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged height of time.
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of religion, less profession!
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor,
Love from hatred to dissever,
And in whatsoe'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty,
Evermore be firm and true.

A HEROIC HORSE.

In the mountains of California, as everybody knows, stages are used for the transportation of passengers and their baggage from one point to another; and twenty years ago there were many more in use than there are now; because since then railroads have been built, and of course people prefer to go by rail. But at the time I mean, the regular stage lines in the mountains were in full pressure of business, and wonderful was the speed and safety with which the great vehicles passed over roads so high and steep, so narrow and so curved, that at times to look above and behind, it seemed as if they had just slid down a thread of yellow cotton! The drivers of the stages were generally very skillful men. They had driven up and down these terrible declines so often that they were confident, but not enough so to be careless. They depended much, however, upon the sagacity of the animals they drove, for upon their being well trained, sure footed, strong and easily managed, depended the lives of the passengers. One would have supposed for such work the stage companies would have picked out the mildest and oldest horses they could find, that there should be no possibility of their taking fright and getting ugly; but no! old and worn-out horses would not do! They were not swift enough nor strong enough to do the work. So almost every stage had four or six well kept animals, which made nothing of galloping up the first half of a long hill or trotting down at a great speed, around curves and over "Thank ye marms," ploughing into the valleys from the mountain tops and tossing their long manes with spirit and pride.

Strange to say, accidents were not very common. The "turns outs" of the road, often cut into the solid rock and leaving only a foot between coach and coach as they passed, were generally approached by a grand blow of the horn, to let all teams on the road know that the stage was approaching; and if a wagon or coach was below it would hurry up and glide into that place of safety, while the stage would whirl by with one pair of wheels within twelve inches of a precipice a thousand to twelve feet in depth, at the bottom of which a solid rock or a madly rushing stream would be its welcome, if it should tumble over. Many and many a time passengers have begged and pleaded to be allowed to walk down these terrible hills, but almost always the driver would laugh and say, "Not a bit of danger, ma'am! I've driven over this road mor'n six years, and nothin' never happened to me *yit*, and I reckon, ma'am, if you jest sit quiet an' easy like, we'll just slip to the bottom of this yere gulch like greased lightnin'."

But once in a while accidents did happen, and when they did, alas! they were sure to be sad and often fatal ones. The one of which I am to tell is no fiction of mine. It really is a bit of history.

One morning the stage, with six passengers and plenty of baggage, began to go down a long incline with many sharp curves in it and many risky places. The four horses were in fine condition and feeling in very good spirits as they gently trotted along at the regular gait. One of these was an especially fine and well bred creature. He had been born in the beautiful blue grass region of Kentucky, and had blood in his veins which had come to him from the celebrated Arabian horses of the far East. His name was Whistler, and there was a jaunty and gay way with him in moving his thin, well formed limbs, that in some way reminded one of the brightness and cheerfulness implied in a merry whistler. They had gone down the hill but a little way when a large bit of newspaper, which had been dropped in the road, was lifted by the wind and blown straight into the off leader's face.—He gave a spring to one side and pushed Whistler over, falling on him, dragging the pole horses, coach, passengers, everything—into space! Down they fell, over and over, crash after crash, cries and groans echoing up over those silent mountain sides, until it seemed the nine hundred feet of horrible descent would never come. But at last it did. In undistinguishable ruin the coach, passengers and three horses lay at the bottom, crushed, broken, wounded and dead together. The driver, who had been alone outside, when—in the brief instant which was allowed him to think—he had seen that he could do nothing to save his coach, had jumped with all his might into the road and was saved. Two passengers escaped, also, with bad bruises and breakages of their limbs, but the others were killed. Three of the horses were killed outright—but where was Whistler? From every team up and down the mountain side men had collected and were doing everything to aid the sufferers, and all noticed that there were but three horses. Where was the fourth? The driver, Dick Swinley, at last found time to think of his favorite. Going carefully out on a rock that overhung the chasm, he heard a little whinny underneath him, and looking down, what should he see but Whistler, standing on a narrow ledge about one hundred feet below! Yes, he had fallen upon his feet like a cat, and bruised and frightened as he was, he had sense enough to stand still, and there he was, hung as it were in mid air, between heaven and earth.

But he could not move. If he had moved one step he would have been dashed down to certain death like the rest. For the ledge was only just big enough to hold him. He had not three inches of spare space. He could just stand there—and that was all. As Dick cautiously crept out a little way on the boulder, he gave a low, sweet whistle, which he had often used as a call to his fine horse, and Whistler pricked up his ears and whinnied again, a pitiful, sad sounding whimper, as if he knew his desperate condition and felt that he must sooner or later die. "O! boys," cried Dick, getting back into the road, "I'll be derned if thar ain't Whistler, alive and kickin'—no, not kickin', 'cause he can't move—but thar he stands like a statoo, awaitin' as peaceful as a lamb for me to come and git him!"

And with that the poor fellow, from excitement and horror and sorrow, burst into tears and sobbed like a baby. "Carn't we do nothin' fer him?" said he. "We've got all the folks up, and doin' as well ez can be expected, and can't we do nothin' for Whistler? I vow!" he exclaimed, tearing off his coat, "I'm goin' to git him myself. I kin do it, and I will."

"Why, Dick," every one cried, "you can never get at that horse in the world. You can neither get him up nor down. He will stand till he can't stand any longer, and then he will have to fall over."

"He shan't! He shan't!" cried Dick, "I'll save him if you kin help. Whar's the ropes?"

They soon produced some ropes, and wondered what Dick was going to do. "Put it around my body," said he and let me down. I'll take a blanket and some more ropes, and hitch up a tackel that'll bring Whistler to the surface, if thar's power enough to haul him."

They did as he bid them and soon he was being let gently down towards the waiting animal. But alas! the ropes were not long enough. Hung full five feet above, and in front of Whistler—and they could not let him go any further. Great was his disappointment. But Whistler seemed to understand that rescue was at hand. Dick encouraged him and told him to stand still. He said impressively, "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! old boy!" and Whistler whinnied his reply: "Yes, master, I will." Dick was drawn up again. Then came a long and weary delay. The nearest place to get ropes was many miles away. A boy was put on horseback and told to ride for his life, and bring a big coil of new rope back with him. By this time almost all the day had passed. What would be done if they could not get that patient animal up before dark? Would he stand still? *Could* the poor creature stand still? Sunset was over, twilight came creeping into the valleys and faster up the mountain sides, and at last darkness hung over the scene. Dick was almost frantic. The men about him sympathized with his anxiety. At last the boy came back with a cart full of ropes and a great band of leather which had been suggested by men to whom he had told his pitiful story—but now, nothing could be done in the darkness! Nothing to be done but wait. To beguile the time the men did a little cooking, ate their suppers and smoked their pipes, told stories, and at last fixed themselves as well as they could and tried to sleep. But not Dick Swinley! Over and again he crawled out on the treacherous boulder and gave his cheery whistle—over and again out of the depths of the darkness, the horrible yawning gulf of blackness, came the low whinny—so loving, so trustful, so patient, so intelligent that the rough men that were waiting to rescue this noble animal would turn to each other with strange, sympathetic countenances and with low voices, such as men use by the beds of the dying, would say, "Do you think he'll last it out? Can he stand it? Plucky creature! he's a *hero*, that he is!"

O! in the long, silent hours when all had fallen asleep but Dick, how he strained his ears for the fatal sound of a footstep on that little rocky ledge! "If he moves he's lost," he kept saying to himself. "Whistler! my beauty! my finest and handsomest feller that ever I druv! I do hope and pray he'll hev the strength to stand it out till mornin'! What's that?"—and with held breath he listened to a sudden sound; "Oh! It's nothin' but a stone I reckon! I pray that ar' hoss'll stand it. Pray! why shouldn't I pray?" he cried, jumping up suddenly, "Don't the Lord like his creeters as well as his folks? I've heerd tell as how he don't let a single swallow fall ter the ground without a notice-in' of it! Why shouldn't he be a watchin' Whistler now! Why can't I ask Him to put pluck into the splendid feller's heart and sinners of steel inter his legs—but fer that matter He did it when He made 'em! I will ask Him anyhow. 'Twon't do no harm.—Nobody will hear me!" And Dick, going away from the others, knelt down in the dust and said, "Lord, I'm an ignorant man and a bad 'un. I drink an' I cuss an' I don't never pray, not since I's a boy! but, O Lord, if you will only just get Whistler outen this yer awful bad box, I'll try ter do my level best for yer all the rest of my days, so help me God. Amen."

Just as he got through and rose with a half blush in the darkness, the soft questioning whinny came up again, and he shouted, "Hang on, Whistler, the Lord's a goin' ter help yer—I asked him."

Morning dawned, bright and beautiful.—The moment it was light, Dick woke up all the men and "prepared for the business."—Being securely fastened in the hoop himself, he had ropes and the leather band and blankets to carry down with him, and soon was hanging beside Whistler, who stood as quiet as if he were cast out of bronze. Long and patiently the man worked, in that dangerous and inconvenient position; but finally he had his favorite rigged so, that he was sure he could be drawn up in safety. And with a last caress on the velvet nose and a last encouraging word to the wise and plucky horse, he began to be swung up again to the top. It was then Whistler showed signs of discouragement. The beautiful eyes which had glowed so deeply and clearly began to be strained and blurred, the delicate nostrils expanded and showed the red, the tracery of veins came out big, all a net work over the clean cut body. Whistler could stand it but a few moments longer. But in a few moments he was relieved. Gently, slowly, with a sure and certain movement he was lifted off his feet. Wonderful as this must have been to him, not a struggle did he make.—Up, up in mid air he was raised, higher and higher, the jagged rocks cut him a little, the scrubby bushes pricked him—but Whistler knew that life depended upon his caution.—Not a kick or struggle he gave—and at last he was pulled, sideways, up on to the road, and lay in safety at the feet of his delighted master.

O! what a hurrah arose. What a long, long, echoing cry of delight burst from Dick Swinley's lips. How the poor sufferer was rubbed and fed and petted and caressed by every man in turn. And when he was strong enough to be led into the town what an evening they made of it, telling "the boys" of this miraculous escape. Dick and Whistler were the lions of the place. Nothing was too good for either man or horse; but when all his friends begged Dick to drink, and toasted both him and Whistler in the whisky which he had never before disdained, Dick cried, "No, boys, once for all, no! I'm a goin' to leave off drinkin' an' all my bad habits just as far as I kin. I promised it if only Whistler was saved. And you were saved, weren't you, Whistler? and me'bbe now you will save me, my hearty!" caressing Whistler's silky neck. "Yis, I'm a goin' to keep my promise, I be, no matter what yer say. I've given my word o' honor and I sticks to it if I die!"

The others, seeing Dick thoroughly in earnest, grouped around him with astonished but respectful countenances, until one in a rather scornful voice said, "I say, Dick, who *was* it yer promised?"

"The Lord," said Dick, doffing his hat and reverently bowing his head.—*Cora Lina Daniels, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

THE FIRST RAILROAD SIGNAL CORD.

A BLOW AT THE ENGINEER'S AUTHORITY AND A BLOW UNDER HIS EAR.

In the early days of the railroad in this country the locomotive engineer was the master of the train. He ran it according to his judgment, and the conductor had very little voice in the matter. Collecting fares, superintending the loading and unloading of freight and shouting "All aboard!" were all that the conductor expected to do. The Erie Railway was then the New York and Erie Railroad. There was no rail connection with Jersey City in 1842. Boats carried passengers from New York to Piermont-on-the Hudson, which was then the eastern terminus of the road. Turner's, 47 miles from New York, was as far west as the railroad was in operation. One of the pioneer conductors of this line was the late Captain Ayres. He ran the only train then called for between the two terminal points. It was made up of freight and passenger cars. The idea of the engineer, without any knowledge of what was going on back of the locomotive, having his way as to how the train was to be run did not strike the Captain as being according to the propriety of things. He frequently met a fractious passenger who insisted on riding without paying his fare. As there was no way of signaling the engineer, and the passenger could not be thrown from the train while it was in motion, the conductor in such cases had no choice but to let him ride until a regular stop was made. Captain Ayres finally determined to institute a new system in the running of trains. He procured a stout twine, sufficiently long to reach from the locomotive to the rear car. To the end of this string next the engineer he fastened a stick of wood. He ran this cord back over the cars to the last one. He informed the engineer, who was a German named Abe Hammil, that if he desired to have the train stopped he would pull the string, and would expect the signal to be obeyed. Hammil looked upon his innovation as a direct blow at his authority, and when the train left Piermont he cut the stick loose. At Turner's he told Captain Ayres that he proposed to run the train himself, without interference from any conductor. The next day the Captain rigged up his string and stick of wood again.

"Abe," said he, "this thing's got to be settled one way or the other to-day. If that stick of wood is not on the end of this cord when we get to Turners' you've got to lick me or I'll lick you."

The stick was not on the string when the train reached Turner's. The Captain pulled off his coat, and told Hammil to get off his engine. Hammel declined to get off. Captain Ayres climbed to the engineer's place. Hammil started to jump off on the other side. The conductor hit him under the ear, and saved him the trouble of jumping. That settled forever the question of authority on the railroad trains. Hammil abdicated as autocrat of the Pioneer Erie train, and the twine and stick of wood, manipulated by the conductor, controlled its management. That was the origin of the bell-rope, now one of the most important attachments of railroad trains. The idea was quickly adopted by the few roads then in operation, and the bell or gong in time took the place of the stick of wood to signal the engineer. Captain Ayres continued a conductor on this road under its different managers until he was superannuated and retired on a pension a year ago. He died a few months since in Owego, at the age of seventy-eight years.

IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT FAITH.—The popular adage is, "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, so he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery county last year by eating toadstools, which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died.

Did it make no difference?

A man endorses a note for a friend, whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the note. Did it make no difference?

A traveller takes the train going North, sincerely believing it is the Southern train. Will he bring up at the South all the same?

If a man believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will his belief make it all right?

The truth is, the popular adage is a lie—and a very transparent one at that! If a man is sincere he will take pains to know the truth. For, where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toad-stool remains a toad-stool whatever we may think about it.

AN ADMIRING FATHER.—There was joy on the farm when Ben, the oldest boy, came back from college in his sophomore year, and the village was proud of him. "Cheese it, cully," he said when he met an old friend, the son of a neighbor who joined farms with his father; "cheese it, cully; shove us your flipper; clench daddies, pardy. How's his nibs and what's the new racket?" And his proud old father said: "It was jest worth more'n twice't the money to hear Ben rattle off Greek just like a livin' language."—*Shreveport (La.) Times.*

An Episode of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Of late years so much has been written of "war correspondents"—by themselves, of course—one might suppose that war was carried on by them, and that generals and soldiers are merely puppets to be manœuvred for the amusement of the readers of the great journals. In fact, a conspicuous part of the despatches sent to the journals by these fluent gentlemen is little more than a vehicle for the recital of their own adventures—which rival Falstaff's—and of how they snub or bully incompetent generals, and how they hound skulking soldiers forward to the field of duty. The arrogant self-glorification of the average war-correspondent's bulletins has nearly succeeded in hiding under a commonplace sham the history of the fatigues, self-denial, and generous daring of the men who make or save the destiny of a country, yet are seldom fortunate enough to be able to compete in descriptions of their own exciting work with the deft cavaliers of the pencil—who live in the wagon-train or in the general's kitchen squad, and send off grand accounts from beyond the range of the enemy's farthest-reaching rifle-cannon. War correspondents there have been who were worthy to chronicle heroic actions, for they were themselves of heroic mould; but these are, with few exceptions, for some reasons not usually among the famous of their profession.

July 3 was the third and last day of the battle of Gettysburg. The skirmish-lines at the centre had lain all night within sixty or seventy yards of one another. After hours of watchfulness dawn had found both sides still watchful if not wakeful; for the veterans, even if scarcely able to unglue their eyelids, quivered with instinctive readiness in every part of their tired bodies at the first shot or at the least sign of a movement in the opposite line. But as the July morning sun thawed away the chilliness of the last hours of night and sent its rays upon unprotected faces and into blinking eyes, a humping of shoulders and a stretching of limbs were at once followed by a curious peering forward to see what the enemy, beginning to stir too, might be about. The horses at the batteries on the ridge behind set up an angry neighing, and gave impatient and rattling shakes to the harness that for more than two days they had constantly worn. Here and there, in friend and enemy's lines alike, little whiffs of blue smoke ascended from hollow places where some determined spirits were striving to get a cup of hot coffee while there was yet an opportunity.

Before the sun was visible from all parts of the battlefield the third and memorable day's decisive work was begun. Fast and furious became the musketry fire at the centre—from near the foot of the cemetery hill, and following the direction of the Emmittsburg Pike almost to the peach-orchard in front of Little Round Top. And deadly it was as well as fast, for it was the fire of skirmishes only, and, though loud and rapid in the aggregate, was slow and studied as far as each individual skirmisher was concerned. Every few seconds a heavy report, followed by the skurrying flit and the explosion of a shell, told that the artillery, too, of both sides was getting its mouth, if not its eyes, open, and was testing the range for the serious business in store. If a skirmisher stood up he could see his line extending far to the right and left of him, puffs of smoke darting forward from it at intevals; but had he been allowed to live long enough to try and arouse the recumbent figures in that line, he would have found that many, very many, had gone to sleep forever; for daylight of the 3d already showed a field of dead.

A fine Pennsylvania-Dutch barn to the left and front was a strong point for the Confederate skirmishers, who made the most of its advantages. But at last, harried by the singing of the bullets that issued from it, a New York regiment, with colors flying, dashed ahead across the meadow to the barn, took it, and set it on fire. With the advance of the New Yorkers the whole Federal skirmish-line of the centre bounded forward, but was soon forced slowly back to its original ground, and the green sward between it and the Confederates was strewn with another layer of dead and wounded. To be slain on the field of battle for one's country is glorious; to be wounded and left to lie helpless and in pain where the bullets of friend and foe hiss through the air or strike with a wicked thud into the ground near by, and to have a suummer's sun burning the already fevered body and adding to the horrible thirst, is pitiful in the extreme.

What I am trying to describe is not the famous charge of Pickett's brave columns, famously repulsed by Hancock's tried veterans. That came later in the day. I am relating an episode only in the grand tragedy—one of those episodes that in other countries and other times have been immortalized by art.

The skirmishers on both sides lay very close to the ground, making the most economical use of any little depression, of a fence-rail or two thrown down during the night, or the day before, or, as in many cases, relying on the doubtful shelter of their knapsacks, which they unslung and pushed out before them. Little groups were gradually and spontaneously formed along the line, and these groups acted together, firing by volley into any puff of white smoke that would be thrust out by the enemy, with the fair chance in this way that one bullet at least of the volley would count.

Midway between the contending lines was a solitary tree that in peaceful days had given shade to the harvest hands at their nooning. Early in the morning some Confederate sharpshooters had crawled out to this tree, where they lay at its roots and were able to reckon their game at every shot. So destructive, in fact, did the fire become that the wildest imprecations were shouted at them by the Federals, and threats were made that if taken they would get no quarter. All at once there came a lull in the firing at this part of the line. A Confederate was seen to rise up from the base of the tree and advance toward the Federals with his hand raised. Shots were fired at him, but there was curiosity at his approach, and the word was, "Wait till we see what he wants to do." Some thought he had a mind to desert and encouraged him with shouts of "Come over, Johnny! We won't fire."

But if the Confederate spoke, what he said could not be heard in the din of the cannonading and musketry, then growing heavy and continuous as the day wore on. Forward he still came, and all eyes were now strained to see what it could be that he meant to do. There can be no truce on the battle-field till the battle is won or lost. The man who raises a white flag then, or gives any signal of the kind, has no right to look for its recognition from the other side. He may only trust his shrewdness to understand an emergency. It might be merely a trick to deceive. Suddenly the Confederate dropped upon the grass and for an instant was lost to the sight. It was thought he had been hit. But only for an instant, for a thrill of enthusiasm passed through the Federals, murmurs of admiration were heard, and then a cheer, repeated and increased in volume, proved that unselfish, noble actions are possible, and that there are noble hearts to appreciate and to respond.

The Confederate sharpshooter, who had been doing his best to destroy his antagonists, had seen in front of him a wounded Federal lying helplessly on the ground between the lines and begging in his agonizing thirst for a drink, and, at the almost certain risk of his own life, had gone forth to give some comfort to his distressed enemy. This it was that caused the Federal cheer and for a few moments checked the work of death in that neigeborhood. When the sharpshooter had performed his act of mercy he hastened back to the tree, and with a warning cry of "Down, Yanks; we're going to fire!" the little, unpremeditated truce was ended, and was soon forgotten in the events that followed almost immediately after.

The next day—the Fourth of July—a heap of Confederates was found under that tree. Whether the hero of the day before was one of the ghastly dead will probably never be known.—*Catholic World for July.*

HOW TO LIVE TO BE NINETY.

BY MAX ADELER.

Mr. Rufus Wetbersby Hicks, of Oshkosh, is now ninety years of age, and in robust health. In response to my inquiry as to the methods by which he has managed to keep himself in such condition, he has written me the following letter, which I publish for the benefit of the public. Mr. Hicks says:

"In the first place I have always been careful to sleep with plenty of air in my bedroom. The getting up and sleeping in a vacuum will gradually undermine the strongest constitution. I have found great advantage, too, in sleeping in oed, and not on the washstand or across the towel-rack. My grandfather used to say that the towel-rack was even more dangerous to sleep on than the mantle-piece.

"Upon rising I always jump at once into the bath-tub, no matter how cold the weather is; and I sit there thinking whether I shall turn the water on or not. Generally I conclude not. But the exercise in climbing in and out of the tub does me much good. Before breakfast I pass an hour or so in parsing. I have become so skilful now that I can tell an adverb clear across the street, and no amount of disguise can hide a personal pronoun from me. Sometimes, when I weary of grammer, I take a quiet game of "Pussy wants a corner," or practice looking cross-eyed at the clock. This last amusement gives me an appetite.

"But a moderate breakfast is best. A man doesn't want more than two or three watermelons, a hind-quarter of lamb, a peck or two of oysters, a bucket (a small bucket) of pickles for his first meal. Eat slowly. Allow at least a minute to a water-melon, and when grapes are introduced in the bash, be sure to spit out the stones." [N. B.—This is not clear, but Mr. Hicks undoubtedly means well.—M. ADELER.]

"After eating, the system needs a rest. I go off to some quiet place, like the rain-water cistern, or the chimney flue, and try to compose my mind. Sometimes I sing. It is admirable for strengthening the lungs, and the chimney flue develops the sound wonderfully. Last Wednesday I sang 'Home Sweet Home' up the chimney flue so effectively that it brought out the fire brigade, and threw Mrs. Hopkinson's hired girl into fits." [N. B.—The old man's mind seems to be wandering here, but he is evidently *trying* to tell the truth.—M. ADELER.]

"A little later in the day you want exercise to stimulate the circulation. Sometimes I carry the piano up and down stairs two or three times, or I open and shut my umbrella seventeen or eighteen hundred times, or brush my hair for a couple of hours or go out and dig potatoes with a lean pencil. I used to spank the baby, but I have no baby small enough to spank. My youngest child is forty-seven, and has red-hair, and is in the legislature." [N. B.—If he is in the legislature it is positively certain that a spanking would do him good. But I do not understand that reference to red hair. It is not pertinent to the subject.—M. A.]

"And now, in my old age, I look back upon the years of a well spent life, and as I wheel myself about my garden in a wheelbarrow, looking at the logarithms growing upon my vines and watching the prepositions climbing upon the trellises basking in the sunshine, while the pelicans gambol about the—"

But this is enough. Mr. Hicks is gradually ceasing to be lucid. Pelicans *never* gambol; and I have some doubts about that wheel-barrow performance; but the reader who wishes to live till ninety and become a hoary old fellow may study Hick's epistle possibly with profit.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.—On the farm of W. D. Green, on the road leading from the village of Florida to Greenmore Lake, not far from Newton, N. J., is a cave inhabited by a nondescript animal, somewhat partaking of the human form. Some time ago this animal was seen by two men named Armstrong and Sullivan, who were at work in a field near the cave. It so much resembled a human being that Armstrong, who was eating his lunch, asked it to take a piece of bread, whereupon it gritted its teeth and fled to the cave, remaining in sight only a few seconds. Several persons have endeavored to entrap it, but without success. All who have seen it describe it as being covered with long, shaggy hair.

A few days ago Ira Seybolt, a well-known hunter, chanced to pass the cave and saw the animal lying at length upon a stone wall and shot at it, when, with a cry of mingled rage and pain, it leaped from the wall and fled into the cave. Mr. Green, on whose farm the cave is located, now has a quantity of hair, about eight inches long, which was cut from the body of the creature by Seybolt's shot. The creature walks half upright and prowls considerably at night, making unearthly noises. There are a variety of conjectures as to what the "thing" is. There is not a man in the entire section who could be induced to enter the cave under any consideration. The entrance to the cave is small, but it is said to have a very large interior. Many people believe that the creature who inhabits this cave is a wild man and a watch is being kept over the mouth of the "den" to see what manner of creature it is. The affair has created much excitement and considerable nervousness in this section, and the developments are anxiously awaited. People will not travel the road near where the cave is located, and Mr. Green could not sell his otherwise valuable farm for a cent an acre at the present time on account of the superstitution prevailing among the country people.

AN incident occurred in Baltimore a few days ago which goes to show to what extremes a wife's devotion will lead her. A young man was arrested and locked up in a police station on a charge of disorderly conduct, when his wife, with a baby in her arms, appeared before the magistrate and pleaded for mercy. It was

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N. B.—The testimonials of persons using this preparation, either on themselves or their horses, will be thankfully received.

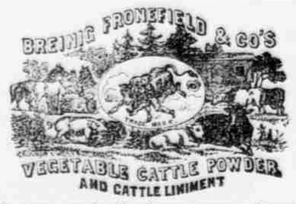
TESTIMONIALS.

I have tried the Chinese Cream Camphor for Rheumatism and Nervous Headache, and have found in it instant relief. I have never found its equal in all my travels.—GEORGE BYNG, London, Eng., (son of Capt. Sir Geo. Byng, R. I. N., Singapore, India.)

I used the Chinese Cream Camphor for a severe attack of Rheumatism in the right shoulder, and can sincerely say, after having tried several other well-known remedies, that it is the best thing I ever used, curing me completely.—MILLARD F. WALTON, 117 N. 41st street, West Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.

After one application of the Chinese Cream Camphor I was relieved of frosted feet.—NATHAN ELEAN, 415 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1881.

Having suffered severely with frosted feet I used the Chinese Cream Camphor three times, rubbing it in thoroughly, and was cured. My mother tried it for nervous headache, obtaining instant relief. —ANTON S. TATTEL, 1215 Melon street, Philad'a. Jan. 15, 1881. [4-8.-6m.]



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Yours, truly, JONAS PAS[illegible], Dallas, N. C.

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Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had the droop or turkey or chicken since.—MRS. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. J.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter CURED THE CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

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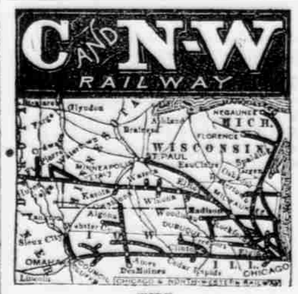

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WHAT THEY KNEW FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

From one of these books, compiled after the manner of our modern cyclopedias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 2,000 B. C., it has been asertained, what has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found, from the compilation and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months and years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we have derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan. The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down, and a connection, as I have before stated, detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the changes of the moon. They inverted the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact that could only have been known by the aid of telescopes which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Venus, and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh. The "bricks" contain an account of the Deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased and mortgaged, that money was loaned at interest, and that the market gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found; and to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks in this library, in the form of a notice, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give the liberation the number of the book they wish to consult, and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WORKING BIRDS AND WORKING INSECTS.—There are birds on Cape Comorin which light their habitations at night. These sagacious little fellows fasten a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then go out and pick up a glow-worm, and stick it on the clay, to illuminate their dwelling, as if they were about to see company that evening. Sometimes these little fellows are gayer than usual, and, in that case, they get three or four of these glow-worms, or of fire-flies, and light up their dwellings most cheerfully; and thier habit is a wise provision adapted for their protection, for the blaze of light in their little cell dazzles the poor bat, who loves darkness rather than light, and thus he is unable to plunder the nest and deprive the parents of their young. The tailor bird of Hindostan gathers cotton from the shrubs and spins it, into threads by means of its feet and its long bill, and then using its bill as a shoemaker's awl, it sews the large leaves of an Indian tree together, so as to protect and to conceal the juvenile tailors that have been recently brought into the world. So with ants—one is a mason, another is a carpenter; one caterpillar is a stonemason, one bee is an upholsterer, one is a miner, another is a felt-maker; one insect is a grave-digger, another is a burying beetle, and buries moles, rats, birds, and frogs. A celebrated naturalist put four of these undertakers under a glass cover, and supplied them with subjects on which they might exercise their trade, and in fifty days these four beetles interred twelve carcases—four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers. They undermined the carcase, and let it drop by its own weight, and then covered it up; in this manner, no doubt, millions of little birds and field mice find as decent a burial as falls to the portion of the lords of creation.

THE ARITHMETIC OF A STORM.—An inch of rain, falling on an acre of land, if collected, would weigh over one hundred tons. There are 640 acres in a square mile, so that an inch of rain on a square mile would, if collected, weigh over 64,000 tons. The area of England, Wales and Scotland is 89,643 square miles. Assuming the whole of this surface to be covered with snow to the depth of one foot, and that a foot of snow is equal to one inch of rain, the amazing result follows that there must have been discharged from the heavens in the form of snow a weight of water of 5,737,153,000 tons!—over five thousand millions of tons. Of course, the whole of this enormous mass has been previously lifted up into the clouds in the shape of vapor by the arch-chemic sun, and will be so again—again to fall, once more to rise, and so on through the rolling ages. It is impossible to convey accurate ideas by mere figures, but as an illustration, assume the shipping of the whole world to be capable of carrying 20,000,000 of tons, and that it was requisite to convey the whole weight to the other side of the globe, it follows that the vessels would have to perform two hundred and eighty-six voyages before it could be carried across.

WHEN TO CUT HAY.—It will soon be time to cut the early crop of hay. There are a number of things to determine the proper time to do this work; first as to the feeding value of the hay. For this, as far as quality is concerned, there is no doubt that the grass and clover should be cut a trifle before the period of full bloom. From this time on to near the end of blossoming, though there may be an increase in the weight of hay gathered, it is of much poorer quality; the nutritive elements have not increased materially, but there is a much larger per cent. of undigestable woody fibre. Secondly, the value of the aftermath is increased by the early cutting, as is has ten or twenty days longer to grow. Thirdly, there is a practical advantage in cutting the hay early, as it prolongs the haying season and permits of less hurry and therefore more care in gathering the crop. These points apply equally well to the grain crops, they being too frequently harvested later than is best for the richest fodder and the finest quality of grain.

A SELF-WINDING WATCH.—A watch which requires no winding has been invented by Mr. A. R. von Loehr, of Vienna. He has constructed the mechanism on the same principle as the pedometer. A weighted lever, pivoted at one end, is kept in position against the upper of two banking pins by a long curved spring of such strength that the motion of the body in walking is sufficient to cause the lever to descend, at each step of the person carrying the watch, to the lower bank pin. There is a ratchet wheel with very fine teeth, pivoted at the same centre as the weighted lever, and fixed to the lever is a pawl which engages with the wheel. This pawl is made so elastic that it takes up the strain produced when the mainspring is wound up. A train of gearing connects the ratchet wheel with the barrel arbor, and there is a pawl to prevent any tendency of the ratchet wheel to reverse its action.

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IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED,

This ANNOUNCEMENT to Read!

Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to furnish every man and boy to whom this comes greeting with

MADE-UP CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining counties. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

WE ARE SELLING
A MAN'S GOOD SUIT,
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This suit invites and defies all competition.

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for $4.00. The same kind of a suit was sold last season for $5.00.

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A Man's White DUCK VEST
for 50 cents, which sold last season, and was considered cheap, for $1.25.

WE ARE SELLING
GOOD SUITS FOR BOYS
from 8 to 12 years old, with long pants, for $2.40, which surpass anything of the kind you ever saw for the money.

WE ARE SELLING
NEAT SUITS FOR BOYS,
from 4 to 8 years old, at 75 cents, which astonish all who see them; and good **WOOL HATS** for men and boys at 40 and 50 cents.

WE ARE SELLING
MEN'S GOOD WORKING PANTS,
lined throughout, at from 65 cents to $1.00.

WE ARE SELLING
Men's Good Overalls
at 20 cts. and up, and good CALICO SHIRTS for 40 cents, sold everywhere for 75 cts.

WE ARE SELLING
BOYS' SUITS in 3 PIECES,
for any age from 4 to 8 yrs. for $2.00; considered cheap last season at $3.50.

All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other articles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the

YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE

Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,

Opposite Opera House, ALTOONA, PA.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

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DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

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HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

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☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

The Truth Tritely Told.

THE NEW STORE OF

S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST

SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.-tf.

S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, worksonnatural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have dismissed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alsheltz Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL** and **TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

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Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd. (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $4 outfit free. Address *H. Hallett & Co.*, Portland, Me.

NOTABLE EARTHQUAKES.

The most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record are those of Italy, in 526 when 120,000 persons perished; and of Sicily, in 1693, when 60,000 people lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above forty days,—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague(542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record a hundred and eleven earthquakes between the seventh and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning and thunder. Readers of the *Relations des Jesuites* will remember the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in the Mississippi Valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755,—an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon, and saved the Pompay ministry, through the fact that the minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured, and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member. Hein, in his interesting work on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occurred on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, 98 persons killed, and 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years. Instance that of Viege, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul, thirty-three severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week; and at Hawaii, in 1868, two thousands shocks occurred in a month. Hein, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and considers that of their coincidence with atmospheric phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and wide spread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent, by sudden falls of the barometer, and by equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in daytime, in autumn and winter than in spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.

BRING HOME SOMETHING.—Nearly every farmer goes to the nearest village to trade, visit a mechanic, or obtain his letters and papers at least once a week. He often takes a load to market, but he rarely brings one nome. He can, with very little trouble, haul a load of material that may be obtained for nothing, and which will be of great benefit to his land. Most village people make no use of the ashes produced in their stoves or of the bones taken from the meat they consume. Scarcely any brewer has any use for the hops that have been boiled in his vats, and the blacksmith hardly ever saves the clippings he takes from the feet of horses. All these materials make excellent manures. A barrel of shavings cut from the hoofs of horses contains more ammonia than is contained in a load of stable manure. Applied to land without any preparation, they might give no immediate results, but they would become decomposed in time, and crops of all kinds would derive benefit from them. They may be, so treated that they would produce immediate results. By covering them with fresh manure they will decompose very rapidly. They may also be leached in a barrel and the water that covered them drawn off and applied to plants. Water in which pieces of horns and hoofs have been soaked is an excellent manure for plants that require forcing. It stimulates the growth of tomatoes, rose bushes and house plants very rapidly, and emits no offensive odors. A vast amount of fertilizing material is wasted in towns that farmers could obtain the benefit of with very little trouble.—*Chicago Times.*

NO NEED TO DROWN.—DR. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not at all necessary or inevitable that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should be drowned if he depends simply and entirely on the powers of self-preservation with which nature has endowed him. The pith of the Doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph: "When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when it is out of the water. But when a man who cannot "swim" falls into the water, he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms, and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmergeable. In order then to escape drowning it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage in regard of his relative weight, in respect of the water, over man; and yet the man perishes while the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child, who can walk on the land may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instructions or drilling whatever. Throw a dog into the water, and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under such circumstances should not do as the dog does. The brute, indeed, walks in the water instinctively, whereas man has to be told."

THE BUTTER-TREE (PENTADESMA BUTYRACEA).—Very attractive must be those localities upon the banks of the Niger where the native hut-dweller has ever within his reach a butter tno that never fails. The rich oily secretion afforded by the butter-tree is so abundant as to assure the house-mother of unlimited comfort in the cooking and dressing of viands most desired.

Indeed, so productive is this wonderful forest gift that fears are entertained lest its fruitfulness may at no late day effect a great social revolution in districts where it most abounds. Slave merchants have dreaded its power as an article of commerce, and at one period the King of Dahomey was induced to issue an order for the destruction of all the butter-trees in his kingdom.

But all attempts to destroy it have thus far proved useless. Cut, hewn at the roots, nay, even burned, it springs up with apparently new vigor; royal edicts are powerless, and "shea butter" is still sold abundantly in market, retaining its well-deserved popularity, even though imperial orders would, if carried out, utterly exterminate from the earth this marvelous gift of God.

HEALTH HINTS.—To cure corns, apply morning and evening one drop of solution of percbloride of iron.

A remedy for toothache, often effectual, is to fill the mouth with warm water, and immediately after with cold.

For the violent internal agony termed eolic, take a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

HAD an almost invisible skin disease, itching intolerable. PERUNA cured it. H. AMBIL, Pittsburg.

Ayer's *Hair Vigor,*

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

IT is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brushy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Floreston Cologne. The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes
New, Delightful and Fashionable.
Sold by dealers in Drugs and Perfumery. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

Mothers, Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men & Women, Teachers, and all who are tired out by work or worry, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Kidney, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be cured by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, or any sickness: if you have a bad cough or cold, you will find sure relief in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are enfeebled by disease, age, or dissipation, and you system needs invigorating, or your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known; it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics as it contains no Rum, Whiskey, and Cures Drunkenness.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. or $1 bottle of your druggist, and be sure your signature on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam. Restores Dandruff, Elegantly Perfumed. Prevents Baldness.

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.

☞ Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*

Nov. 12, 1880.-1y.

DIRECTIONS.

For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, &c., Insert with little finger a particle of the balm into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through the nose. It will thus be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness. Apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, its extraordinary, yet truthful, progress as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the memb